

Our Stories are not yet Legends

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Summary: "It was an alliance forged in bravery and friendship, and it lives to this day." A multi-fandom crossover including Brave, Tangled, Rise of the Guardians and How to Train your Dragon. Otherwise known as the Big Four.

## 1. Chapter 1

From the very moment I was born since the day I live now, I have always been told one thing.

>There is not one thing on this earth that is worthless.<br>No matter how small a detail, it must always be recorded and kept safe. A story of a peasant is just as important as the story of a king. The tale of a child is as important as an adult and the legends we hold dear, the legends we learn the most from, can come about because of the smallest factor.

>I was born a long time ago, within the hidden village of Santoff Clausen, the only child of the Book Keeper Ombric the Wise. Should the time come when he died, I was to replace him and record the stories of our kingdom while keeping the old ones safe, making sure they are told to others.<br>But how rude of me, I should introduce myself, my name is Katherine. I go by many names outside of my village (my favorite involving my Snow Goose which serves as my mode of transport from place to place) but Katherine is what the children and families within the village call me.

>I hold no allegiance to kings or queens, I am not to serve the side of good or evil, I am merely a witness to the land. My job is to give unbiased accounts of all that has happened, for stories are lessons ringed with truths for those who choose to listen.<br>My job requires me to tell many stories to the young royalty in the land. But sometimes if I have a moment, I will tell all the young children no matter their wealth or worth.

>My second favorite story to tell is the story of how we came to live here and about the creation of dark magic.<br>The legend states that the people of Santoff Clausen, Master Ombric included, were some of the first people to live on this land. When they first arrived they

found that the land was rich with magic and through training and meditation, they learned to work with it to harness it for the good of all.

>But there were some who wanted to use magic only for themselves. They misused it, abused it, tried to control it for their own benefit. In doing so the magic lashed back, causing damage beyond repair and leaving those who used it twisted husks of their former selves.<br>Thus was born dark magic, although many argue that dark magic had existed long before man experimented with it, but since there are no records before that time, the knowledge was lost as time passed.

>Those Shadow Husks soon lashed out at others, seeking only destruction to appease themselves but the forces of good fought back, and a great war occurred. After several years worth of fighting the last Shadow Husk was destroyed and to assure that they would never return, a man sacrificed himself to the moon and became a watchful protector over the night.<br>But the damage done was irreparable, dark magic continued to exist even to this day. So long as there is greed, envy, vanity and pride, darkness will always exist. But there is always a force of good that will combat and balance out even the darkest night. Even when the moon is out, there will always be stars, some of which shine brighter than others.

>This brings me to my absolute favorite story of all time. Although I'm not really allowed to have an opinion as a Bookkeeper, I hold this story dearly in my heart because I was alive as most of it happened (although a lot of details had to be told to me later by others involved.)<br>This story covers many lessons in one sitting, and it is as long as the winter nights. But most of all it teaches the very same lessons that I have been taught all my life.

>There is not one person, event, or detail on this earth that is meaningless and that every black hole will always have a matching star.<p>

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><p>After the Great War against dark magic, more people began slowly migrating to the land from the seas.<br>They set up powerful kingdoms, fought over land and established alliances. Soon after much fuss and fighting the land was divided evenly among the Four Great Kings.

>By the oceans to the Northwest, with its high mountains and rocky cliff terrain, the tough seafaring Vikings called this land their home. The land made it hard to grow crops but a close proximity to the ocean made fishing their main source of food for the kingdom. Also the mountains were rich with minerals which could be melted with the impurities removed to form metals and from there they could be molded into armor and weapons.<br>The one thing the Vikings did not foresee when they claimed this land, was just how important those weapons would become.

>For in the islands to the west there lived the dreaded Dragon Queen and her army of fearsome Dragons. The Vikings were willing to share the land peacefully, but the Dragon Queen refused the offer and forced her beast to attack the Viking villages.<br>But Vikings were a warrior race and fighting was their language. They were stubborn in their ways and fought off the creatures every night they came.

>Some would steal food to bring back to their queen, while others took down defenses, killing villagers when they could, by no choice of their own. The queen held a powerful presence and could maintain control of the dragons even from a safe distance away.<br>She forced

them to fight and if one should disobey they were fed to her personal pet, The Red Death.

>For many generations the Vikings and dragons were at war with one another and the Dragon Queen was growing tired of the Viking's refusal to leave her land. So she devised a sinister plan to make the current Chief Stoick surrender and end the war in one easy stroke.<br>For that year, the only son to the Chief was turning 16 and it was quite obvious to the Queen that he was nothing like his muscular kinsmen. Skinny and scrawny like a fish bone, he would pose no threat to her dragons and he would be the perfect body to lie on the Chief's doorstep as a symbol of her anger.

>"How quickly would the fight be drained from him?" She mused to herself as she paced the stone carved hallways towards the vast throne room located at the center of the mountain she called home. "If he sees his son dead, brought about by his own stubborn pride"<br>Above her was a darkening sky moving its way towards dusk, it was nearly time for her to end their pitiful attempts at defending themselves. She smiled a lovely smile that would have seemed warm and motherly for those who did not know her.

>She muttered a language in a strange tongue. A language that only a dragon could hear. Underneath her came a deep rumbling spoken in that same tongue, a sign that her darling pet had heard the order and was dispatching the dragons to attack.<br>"Leave the boy!" She ordered to the swarm forming above her head in that foreign tongue. "The Night Fury will take care of him." She turned to face the dragon that descended from the swarm, landing before her and reluctantly bowing its head. This Dragon was not her pet; this dragon was built for speed and stealth while hers was made to level mountains. The dragon before her was a one of a kind, the unholy offspring of Lightning and Death itself. He would serve her plan well.

>"Go before I feed the lot of you to my Darling, bones and all!" She hissed and at once the swarm dispersed, including the Night Fury, who shot into the night sky and vanished, his dark scales concealing him from sight.<br>The queen then took a seat on her throne picking up a yellow cut glass and placing the gem to her eye so that she may observe her plan from a firsthand perspective.

>Her laugh echoed in the now empty cavern, all that was left to do now was wait.<p>

The alarm sounded throughout the village signaling the return of Dragons. The warriors in the great hall stood up while Chief Stoick began ordering people left and right outside.

>"Gobber to the Workshop!"<br>"Aye"

>"Thorston! To the catapults!"<br>"Aye sir!"

>In the bustling rush he almost missed the tiny body trying to sneak past him to the weapon store room. But with surprising quickness for a man so burly he caught the boy by his vest and lifted him into the air effectively stopping him in his tracks.<br>"And where do you think you're going son." Stoick frowned at the boy dragging him towards the workshop.

>"To fight dragons dad. I need to make my mark!" Little Hiccup groaned out as if it was obvious trying to fight his way out of his dad's grip.<br>"Son trust me, the last thing I need is for you to make anymore marks" Stoick scold placing the boy in front of the workshop and picking up a hammer. "Gobber keep an eye on him, and you," He turned to his son with a stern look. "Listen to me for once and stay inside."

>Before Hiccup could argue his dad was gone having disappeared into the gathering of fighters that were watching the sky.<br>"I don't see why I should" He mumbled to no one in particular. "It's not like you

ever listen to me."

>He reluctantly went inside the shop putting on the apron and getting himself ready for work while Gobber attempted to make conversation with the boy.<br>"He does it for your own good Hiccup" Gobber sighed as the boy gave him this dejected look. "You are all he has left."

>"I just wish he would look at me more as his son instead of pulling this disappointed look like someone skimped out on the meat in his sandwich." Hiccup sighed pulling out a whetstone and taking it to a particularly handsome ax. "'Excuse me... Bar maid, I'm afraid my wife died giving birth to the wrong offspring. I asked for a beefy boy with extra guts and glory on the side. This here is a talking fishbone!'" He imitated in what he figured was a pretty good impression of his father.<br>"You are looking at this all wrong Hiccup." Gobber said pounding the sword with the hammer. "It's not what's on the outside, it's what inside that he can't stand." Gobber moved to the boy and turned him so that he was facing the blacksmith. "You've got to stop being all... this." He gestured Hiccup's person with a sheepishly crooked smile.

>Hiccup gave a wince at the words before sighing, wondering why he even bothered going to Gobber for comfort in the first place. "You literally just gestured to all of me"<br>"That's it! Stop being all of you."

>"Trust me I've tried." Hiccup muttered, suddenly from outside he heard a scream. The sound of nearly a hundred dragons approaching and a battle breaking loose.<br>Hiccup rushed to the window which was already being bombarded with Vikings needing a weapon and fast.

>Hiccup picked up the melted metal pieces and threw them on the hot coals pumping air until the metal became rocket hot and moldable.<br>"I would give anything to be out there" Hiccup said gazing out the window. "Like Astrid and the others"

>"Something tells me it's more about Astrid and less about the 'others.'" Gobber grinned slyly before pounding out the metal. "Have you said anything to her?"<br>"Please, Astrid wouldn't come near me even if she was on fire and I had the only bucket of water." Hiccup chuckled willing away the blush on his cheeks. "I mean we used to be close as kids but then, well, you know the viking way." Hiccup ran to the weapon stores pulling out more weapons to hand off to people. "If I kill a dragon my life will get infinitely better."

>"Killing a dragon won't solve all your problems" Gobber said, "If it did we wouldn't be in the mess we are now. We've been fending off dragons for 100 years now and it always seems like there are more every time."<br>Hiccup thought it over, a hundred years, has it really been that long? "How come the other Kingdoms don't help us? The Dunbroch Kingdom are warrior people like us right?" He asked while giving the coals more air.

>"The only way that Dunbroch can get here is through two passageways" Gobber explained as he worked. "There is one pass South of here but it's riddled with bandits and criminals of the Sun Kingdom who have been sentenced to exile. The other is to the North but you have to cross through the Ice Lands, they say an hour there will freeze a limb clean off." Gobber then dipped the newly formed blade in water and handed it to Hiccup, "Sharpen that, I'll take care of the window"<br>Hiccup moved to the giant stone wheel and with a heaving breath turned the handle until the stone was at a good pace. "What about over the mountain?"

>Gobber laughed "Maybe if they sprouted wings and flew over them." He chuckled "Those mountains are impossible to climb on foot, many have tried and few have ever made it. Forget sending a whole

army."<br>Hiccup let the blade glide against the stone, smoothing out the divites until there was a nice sharpened blade.

>An explosion that felt way too close for comfort broke him out of his thoughts and had him running to the window where Astrid and the other kids were putting out a house fire with buckets of water.<br>"It looks like they need you out there." Hiccup commented offhandedly trying hard not to stare at the way Astrid's blond braid was tossed over her shoulder as she turned his way.

>Her eyes narrowed at him and for a split second Hiccup thought she was actually looking at him but then Snoutlout called her name and she was off, running to put out the next fire.<br>"You're right Hiccup!" Gobber nodded screwing a hammer to his stubby arm and opening the door to the outside. He took about two or three steps out before he paused turning to the window and pointing at Hiccup.

>"Stay"<br>"I'm not a dog." Hiccup rolled his eyes with his arms folded. "Don't worry I won't go anywhere."

>Gobber nodded having confirmed Hiccup would stay put before running into the thick of the battle.<br>Hiccup gave a low whistle as he placed a small pile of assorted weapons by the sill and snuck back to his designated room in the shop.

>The walls were covered in doodles, various blueprints of wooden inventions, one of which he hoped to use to catch and kill a dragon. In the middle of the room, covered by a cloth tarp, was one such invention he successfully built. It was a device which used a spring loaded catch to shoot Bolas farther than any Viking ever could.<br>"Why be a Viking when I can be better?" He smirked to himself as he re-covered it with the tarp and pushed it out the back way up to the hill that overlooked the village.

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><p>The black dragon flew over the destruction, unseen by any of the humans from below. His sharp eyes scanned for the boy, the voice of the queen barking orders in his head.<br>'Check the smith shop. He's usually there.'

>Though mildly annoyed at the woman telling him what to do, he had no choice but to obey diving down and pulling up so that he landed safely on the roof. Behind him he heard a light squeaking sound and turned to see his assigned target, pushing a cart with extreme difficulty up a hill.<br>Now that was rather peculiar, the creature cocked his head to the side and slunk down to the ground keeping his gaze fixed on the boy.

>The boy was much too small to be a threat and from the looks of it he wasn't yet detected so he decide to indulge his curiosity and ignore the squawking of their 'Queen' for a bit.<br>He kept a safe distance under the cover of shadows, watching as the boy lifted back the cloth revealing a rather odd looking contraption. He then pulled out a notebook looking at whatever he had written and making slight adjustment to the device, turning a knob here, pulling a lever there.

>Just when Night Fury was getting bored, the boy got behind the machine and the sides snapped out forming a sort of cross bow.<br>'Whoa!' Night Fury's eyes widened, feeling a bit excited as he watched the boy make aim adjustments 'What's he gonna do now!?' It was all very unexpected and Toothless watched eagerly.

>"Come on, come on give me a clear shot at you." The boy mumbled softly and moved the thing so it was aiming at an airborne Deadly Nadder. 'Good, I don't like them anyway' The Night Fury frowned refocusing his attention back to the boy.<br>'What are you doing!?'</p></div>

Kill him!'

>'In a minute! I want to see what this thing does!' He spoke in his head even though he knew she couldn't hear him.<br>The boy pressed a button and all of a sudden a ropey thing with rocks tied to it shot out and wrapped around the Nadder's wings, disabling her ability to fly and sending her to the ground in a nose dive.

>The boy looked delighted as he let out a victory whoop of joy, "I-It worked!"<br>'It worked!' The Night Fury was equally delighted fidgeting with pent up excitement. The boy was small, but he was very clever, the Night Fury had never seen a Viking build a device like that. Not only did it work, but it worked on a Nadder.

>It took him all of a minute to realize he didn't want to kill the boy, he wanted him to live so he could build more things like that and do all sorts of cool, unexpected things.<br>A sharp pain in his head and a vision of a fellow Dragon being eaten whole crushed that hope in him. He had to kill the boy or he would die, he had to live, he was the only one of his kind left.

>From his place in the tree he watched the boy load another rope-rock thing and aim it again.<br>It had to be done.

>He steeled his resolve and slunk forward, the boy far too focused in his task to see him. He waited for the right moment, his eyes narrowing to slits and his teeth extended from his gums.<br>Then when the boy turned his way slightly, aiming for a Zippleback this time, The Night Fury pounced knocking the boy to the ground before he could even move to defend himself.

>The instructions were clear, kill him, leave a body. The boy was so thin that even with his screaming and struggling he could not move out from the Dragon's claw pressing down on his chest.<br>Toothless felt the guilt come over him like a wave as the boy continued his struggling. 'He's so small, he's just a kid...'

>'Kill him!'  
>The boy then grew still as he stopped struggling and just stared up at the creature about to kill him, he looked about as scared as the Night Fury felt. His eyes green and wide, wincing slightly, waiting.

>The Night Fury made eye contact, the Queen egging him on gently to finish the boy off. Then...<br>Nothing.

>The voice was gone, it was suddenly very quiet in his head. He could hear a distant sound of a scream and something breaking, then a new voice took it's place, a male voice.<br>'Please I don't want to die...'

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><p>It was just staring at him, a look of what could be defined as confusion on his face as the creature narrowed its eyes and lifted it's claw off it's chest.<br>Hiccup was in shock as he sat up and just stared back wondering why now the creature decided to spare him.

>'A dragon always goes for the kill' Gobber once told him, but this one didn't for some reason.<br>And thus the staring match continued, Hiccup debating whether to run or not and the Night Fury hearing the boy's thought process and trying to figure out what he should do with this new and ever so unexpected development.

>A sudden dragon scream caught both of their attention as a flaming Monstrous Nightmare slithered up the hill towards them.<br>The Night Fury jumped in front of the boy standing between Hiccup and the other Dragon and let out a hiss in a foreign language. "Back off!"

>"She's pissed, if you don't kill him I will" The Monstrous Nightmare growled back trying to get around him to the boy. "Stand in my way

and I'll kill you too"<br>The Night Fury gave a low growl jumping so that he was still between the two while trying to signal the boy to get on his back.

>Hiccup looked at the creature suspiciously, edging closer to black dragon while still refusing to touch it.<br>"For the love of fish would you just get on!" The Night Fury growled impatiently in his dragon tongue not really thinking or caring whether the boy understood him or not.

>"Ok ok!" Hiccup lifted his arms in defense as he got on the Dragon's back<br>"This is treason!"

>The Night Fury gave a sly half smile as he crouched down "Catch me if you can"<br>Hiccup let out a frightened yelp as they took off, almost falling off as he flattened himself against the Night Fury's back and closed his eyes tight from the wind. A blast of heat brushed a little too closely as the Night Fury suddenly rolled in mid air to the left. Hiccup clung tightly feeling as if he was going to be sick.

>"You have a fire blast right?"<br>If the Night Fury wasn't currently focusing on keeping them both alive he would have scoffed. 'I'm a dragon what the hell do you think?'

>"Head to the mountains, if you can weave your way by the cliffs and knock some rocks down we can knock him out" Hiccup mumbled pointing in the general direction of where he assumed the mountain range to be. He wasn't exactly sure, he was all turned around and confused from the aerial stunts they just pulled.<br>The Night Fury felt a little rush of excitement again. 'Oh this must be some sort of clever strategy you have planned, ok I'm up for it!' He then pumped his wings harder in order to get the lift he needed to surpass the mountain range. It was a bit hard with the added weight but the boy weighed practically nothing.

>The Monstrous Nightmare was hot on their tail, shooting blasts of fire so as to hit either the boy or dragon.<br>When the Night Fury bypassed the highest peak he dove down into the canyon searching for a good spot to fire rocks. The space was too small for his wingspan so he had to tilt to the side to fit, the boy clinging for dear life.

>'I have a better idea' The Night fury grinned tossing the boy up and flipping in mid air to catch him in his arms and legs. 'See I can be clever too' He smiled a gummy grin down at his passenger while the boy looked pale and was shaking with admiration.<br>The two weaved left and right with the ignited dragon closely following and growing angrier with each second.

>"There" Hiccup pointed, in the distance the Night Fury spotted an unstable structure of rock that looked ready to collapse on it's own.<br>The Night Fury curled his wings around himself and shot forward at high speed into a nose dive. Just as they were getting close the Night Fury felt a pain shoot up his tail.

>The boy looked back and let out a scream. "Your tail!"<br>The Night Fury clenched his teeth through the pain and kept flapping his wings hard to make up for his now burning, punctured tail fin. The Nightmare had managed to get a claw into him before before he shook him off and now with the ripped tail the two were slowly losing altitude.

>"Just a little more bud you can do it." Hiccup muttered keeping his eyes locked on the rocks.<br>The black dragon pushed himself just a little bit further, the other dragon almost reaching them again before Hiccup shouted.

>"Now!"<br>With a deep breath the Night Fury sent out a fixed blast of fire at the juncture where the two rocks met and sure enough the whole structure came tumbling down.

>The Nightmare fell back hearing the rumbling and deciding it wasn't worth the risk. Meanwhile Hiccup and the Dragon were barely staggering to escape.<br>A spot of black caught Hiccup's eye and he pointed towards the canyon wall. "Go to the cave! Below us!"

>The Night Fury looked down and curling his wings in once again dove down clutching the boy tightly in his grasp and curling himself around him protectively as the they dove into the cave, having just barely avoided being crushed by rocks.<br>As the crashed against the rock wall, the Dragon taking most of the hit to his back, Hiccup slipped from the Dragon's hold and rolled to a stop on the dank cave floor.

>For a moment Hiccup stared at the cave ceiling trying to process everything that just happened in the span of 45 minutes.<br>The Night Fury looked over at him, concern written on his face as he moved closer. Slowly so as not to startle him.

>"Are you ok human?" He spoke in dragon tongue, hoping maybe the boy would understand that he was trying to comfort him.<br>The boy looked over at the dragon with a curious mix of awe and fear before curling in on himself and closing his eyes. The shock and exhaustion being a little too much for him to deal with right now.

>'Rest human, you need it.' Toothless gave a slight yawn, extending a wing over the boy as a makeshift blanket. 'We'll figure it out in the morning...' He gave a soft murmur of comfort and joined Hiccup in a fatigued sleep.<br>His sleep, for once, was devoid of the Dragon Queen and her poisonous presence.

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><p>The Queen stared in shock at the shattered glass on her stone floor. The once bright yellow stone now completely drained of color and smashed like an icicle on a rock.<br>She couldn't understand, no, comprehend what just happened. Things were going according to plan, everything was perfect, the boy was alone, he was trapped and helpless, he should have been dead.

>But then that stupid Nightfury made eye contact and something changed.<br>The boy's eye, the left one, it was pulling her in. Not in the figurative sense, but in the frighteningly literal sense. She felt like her whole body was being pulled underwater and at the last second she pulled free.

>The gem she used to spy on her pets was now a pale grey, having been drained of all energy. It slipped from her fingers and shattered on the floor.<br>She checked herself and her control making sure she still had her power over dragons because if she lost that, everything would be over. She peeked over the side of her platform, steeling herself from fear but the beast that rested below did not stir or attack.

>'Good' she thought to herself as she walked over to a nearby looking glass. Checking to see if any permanent damage had been done, marks, seals and the like.<br>What she saw in the mirror shocked her greatly. Her eyes, once both as yellow as the stone around her neck were now two different colors. The right eye remained yellow while the left eyes was a deep forest green, the color of the boy's eyes as well as her old eye color before she made her pact with the Dark Arts all those years ago.

>She didn't lose her powers, but she was somehow sharing them with the boy she had been trying to kill.<br>Had she not pulled away when she did, switching to another dragon, she would have lost all her powers and her death would have been assured.

>'How unexpected' she gritted her teeth angrily 'To think the boy had such an ability'<br>She cared not for the Night Fury, he was a



traitor and deserved death. But losing half her power left her vulnerable, like being half dressed.  
>She wanted, no, needed her other half back before the boy realized what he took and how to use it.<br>But how to go about it, she hadn't the slightest clue.  
>She hated having to do this, but it would seem the only thing she could do now was watch and wait.<p>

## 2. Chapter 2

Prior to Hiccup's mishap, early that very morning, Princess Merida woke up bright and early with a wide smile on her face as the first rays of sun peaked over the horizon.

>Everyday she was a princess, everyday she was to train to one day be the future queen of the kingdom, everyday her life was run by her mother the queen.<br>Except today, today was her designated free day. The one day she gets every once in awhile when she had no lessons and no duties.

>Whenever she had her designated free day, rather than staying at the castle, she would spend her free days doing the one thing she loved to do more than anything in the world.<br>Being herself.

>After dressing, she rushed out her bed chambers, grabbing her bow and quiver on the way out, and nearly knocking over the head maid as the older woman rushed in to deliver the wash..<br>"Mornin' Lottie, lovely weather today." Merida grinned darting around the woman.

>"No different from any other day M'lady" Lottie bowed while Merida continued on her way. "Where are you off to lass?"<br>"Out" Merida said vaguely as she dodged around a maid carrying clean linens and down the steps into the kitchens.

>On her way out the back entrance she grabbed an apple. Her three brothers, Hamish, Harris and Hubert were in the kitchen trying to sneak out an array of fresh baked sweets. They looked up at her with wide eyed, guilty expressions.<br>"I won't tell if you won't." Merida winked and her brothers made the motion of zipping their lips before scampering away through one of their secret tunnels.

>Merida chuckled before walking out the back way and to the stables where her horse Angus was waiting.<br>"Ready to go boy." Merida smiled throwing a saddle on the horse.

>The horse whinnied and clapped his hooves on the ground, already excited at getting to go out for a run.<br>Merida smiled "You look as eager as I am to get out of here" She hopped on tying her quiver to her hip and taking a hold of the reigns. "Let's go! Yah!"

>The horse took off taking a run out the castle gates and taking off for the stone bridge that led to the foot worn forest path that was used to train the kingdom's archers.<br>Here was where she felt most at home, running amongst the trees with the wind in her messy red hair. She pulled an arrow from her quiver and notched it in the bow, pulling it taut to her cheek like her father taught her when she was a wee lass.

>The first target was coming up fast so she released the arrow watching as it hit it's target in the dead center with a satisfying thunk.<br>The course continued, Merida hitting every target dead on, which wasn't all that surprising. Even though she was a Princess, Merida was the best archer in the kingdom, maybe even better than those from the Sun Kingdom.

>She wasn't too bad with sword fighting either.<br>At the end of the course she steered her horse on a new course, heading into the deeper unexplored woods that would eventually take her to the tall

impassable mountain range that separated her kingdom from the Kingdom of Berk.

>"I've heard stories that even the women of Berk are proud, fierce warriors." Merida spoke aloud looking gazing up at the mountains in wonder. "The queen herself had died in a noble fight to the death."<br>Angus snorted in response shaking his mane and getting back his breath.

>"They fight Dragons, isn't that incredible?" Merida asked petting the Angus' neck. "Let's go, I want to try drinkin' from the Fire Falls today."<br>Angus snorted again in confirmation and took off following the line of mountains towards the North.

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><p>By the time she returned home, the sky had turned pink as the sun set in the distance. Merida was in the process of brushing twigs and leaves out of her hair as she entered the kitchen with a heaping plate of food.<br>"Mum! Dad! you will never guess what I-" Merida let the sentence trail off midway when she saw that the King and Queen had a guest sitting at the table to the right side of the king.

>The guest looked up as she entered giving the Princess a small smile before standing up and giving her a gracious bow. "Princess Merida it has been a long time."<br>That guest was me.

>"Lady Goose" Merida curtsied respectfully before taking a seat at the table between myself and her mother, Queen Elinor. "What are you doing here?"<br>It weirded me out, being called Lady by someone five years older than me. There were variety of names people called me even after I told them they could call me Katherine but it hardly made much difference to me. Besides the goose nickname sort of grew on me, since I did ride a Snow Goose to get from kingdom to kingdom.

>"I'm here for your brothers" I smiled at her taking my seat at the table. "Your parents feel it's time for them to learn the stories of the land."<br>"And she's here to record my tale of my run in with the dreaded beast Mor'du!" King Fergus added in with flourish, brandishing his mutton leg like a sword.

>"Master Ombric isn't around?" Merida asked looking around the room for the older man.<br>"Ombric says that now that I'm almost 13, I should start travelling alone. Plus he hasn't quite been feeling well." I said with some sadness poking at the haggis on my plate with a fork. That's a sheep stomach by the way, why they ate that here, I will never know. I much preferred the richer food of the Sun kingdom or the comforting food of Santoff Clausen.

>A bow clattered on the table next to me causing me to jump a little and Queen Elinor giving Merida a withering stare.<br>"A princess does not place her weapons on the table." She said pointing to the bow. Merida groaned loudly.

>"But Moom, it's just my bow!"<br>"Off." Elinor ordered in a voice that made it hard to disobey. She had a stern air about her, that made her a fantastic queen. People always listened and respected her because she commanded that respect. It seemed the only people that ever argued with her was her own family but even then, they eventually obeyed.

>Merida groaned again but took her bow off the table, placing it on the floor.<br>"A princess shouldn't have weapons in my opinion." Elinor added offhandedly.

>"Leave her be." King Fergus said, "Princess or not, learnin' to fight is essential."<br>The queen looked as if she wanted to protest but was distracted by the head maid whispering something in her ear

and handing her three letters.

>"Thank you Lottie"<br>The portly woman bowed before taking her leave.

>Merida's eyes lit up as she turned to face her father, "Oh I wanted to tell you! I drank from the fire falls today!"<br>Judging from the expressions on her brothers' faces; eyes wide, mouths open in a shocked gasp, this was a pretty big deal.

>"They say only the ancient kings were brave enough to drink from those waters." Fergus laughed proudly giving his daughter a wink.<br>Merida turned to her mother looking for some similar type of praise but her mother's attention was on the letters. "What was that you said dear?"

>Merida sighed "Nothing, mother."<br>Reading over the letters, Elinor turned to me and gave a slight nod to the door. "Katherine, I hate to be rude but if you would so kind as to take the boys to their room." She turned to Fergus. "We have something very important to discuss with our daughter."

>I nodded politely leaving the dining hall with the three boys in tow. The doors were shut loud behind us. I turned to the three boys suddenly feeling a bit self conscious, this was my first time telling a story, could I do it the way Ombric could? Could I make the stories come to life? Which one should I even start with?<br>"I WON'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!" The giant doors were slammed open as the Princess stormed through, turning back to glare at her mom. "You can't make me!" She added before storming past us and going off to her room.

>The three boys and I watched her go with our eyes and once she was too far away away to be seen we continued following her progress with our ears until she made it to her room, slamming that door as well.<br>"She knows how to make a fuss, I'll give her that." I commented to the boys, they nodded silently in agreement.

>"At least I know what story I should tell you." I smiled ushering the boys to their room. "It's an old tale, you may have even heard of it. It's the story of a proud prince and how he went off to follow his own path..."<p>

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><p>Merida, in her own way, had a right to be upset. The three letters were from the lords of their kingdom, offering up their sons for Merida's hand.<br>Just like that her days of being free, of riding in the forests, shooting arrows into the sunset, were gone. Soon she was going to be exactly like her mother, the thought filled her with dread and disgust.

>She pulled out her sword that she had stashed under the bed and began repeatedly striking the bedpost with it, letting out whatever anger had built up. "'Do this Merida. Strive for perfection Merida. Be more like me Merida' Never!" She shouted, the bedpost proving itself to be a sturdy opponent.<br>The door to her room was opened slowly causing Merida to glance up at her mother. Elinor's face was stern but her eyes gentle and imploring. She was out of 'queen mode' and was now in 'mother mode.'

>"Mother, Marriage? Suitors!? I'm just not ready, I don't think I'll ever be ready!" Merida said as her mother shut the door behind her.<br>"I understand" Her mother sighed taking a seat on the bed beside her. "I had convictions myself when I was married. But this is who we are, we can't just run away."

>"'We!?' no there is no 'we' in this at all!" Merida hissed getting off her bed and putting distance between herself and her mother "This is what you want!"<br>"I'm doing what's best for you!" Elinor said

raising her voice in that way that meant she expected obedience. "For this kingdom."

>"Why do I even bother talking to you at all!?" Merida groaned feeling her frustration leak through. "You don't listen to me, you are never there for me," She swung her sword at the air, the sword making a whistling sound as it sliced the air. "You tell me what to do, what not to do!"<br>"Merida you are going to be a future queen. It's time you take some responsibility and act like it." Elinor said going to the door and opening it. "The lord's sons will be here tomorrow. This is going to happen whether you wish it to or not." Elinor sighed suddenly feeling very tired and old. "You will wake up bright and early tomorrow to prepare your outfit. Good night dear." And with that as the final word, Elinor shut the door closed behind her.

>Merida let out a frustrated groan before grabbing a pillow and shoving her face into it, letting out the loudest scream she could manage.<br>So loud was the scream she failed to hear low rumbling come from the direction of the mountains as Hiccup the Viking and his new dragon companion crashed into their cave.

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><p>For about maybe .5 seconds, Hiccup thought last night was all just some crazy dream and he was back at Berk, sleeping in his own bed.<br>But then he opened his eyes and realized pretty quickly that no, last night wasn't a dream.

>From the look of things, he was in some sort of cave, beside him a dragon was sleeping peacefully one of it's wings draped over Hiccup like a blanket.<br>Hiccup froze and stared at the creature, having never seen a dragon this close without fearing for his life. It was a rather surreal experience, he was half tempted to touch it and see what the scales felt like. But before he could get the chance, the dragon opened it's eyes causing Hiccup to let out a very manly yelp.

>"You think too loudly." The Night Fury garbled in a strange language that Hiccup was surprised to find, he actually understood.<br>"Dragons can talk?!" Hiccup asked crawling out from under the dragon's black wing and backing up a good distance until his back hit the cave wall.

>The Night Fury seemed surprised by this, his head alert and his eyes wide as he stared at Hiccup like he was the weird one.<br>"No don't give me that look! You definitely said something!" Hiccup said pointing an accusatory finger at the dragon.

>The Night Fury looked behind him then back at Hiccup, pointing at himself with a questioning look.<br>"Fine, play dumb then, make me look like the crazy one!" Hiccup spoke exasperated, tossing his arms in the air. "I'm trying to communicate with a dragon, clearly I hit my head harder than I thought."

>The Night fury gave a silent snicker, giving the boy a gummy smile.<br>Hiccup gave a small smile, at least he had a sense of humor, even if it was at his expense. "Where exactly are we?" Hiccup asked looking around at his surroundings.

>The cave was very wet, the stalactites dripping water to the cave floor, and very dark. The only light visible was off in the distance in the opposite direction from the opening they crashed through. A giant boulder had blocked the entry way and judging from the lack of light, there were many more around it, keeping the rock in place.<br>"Well this is just grand now isn't it?" Hiccup muttered sarcastically running a hand through his hair. "We're stuck here. You can't even fly us out of here and back home can you?"

>The dragon gingerly moved his damaged tail so he could properly examine it in what little light they had. The whole left tail wing was completely gone, and while he could maybe fly short distances without it, flying over that mountain again with Hiccup on his back would be impossible.<br>"Can't you build me a new tail?" The dragon asked in his garbled tongue, tilting his head curiously.

>"Oh so you can talk?" Hiccup pointed out his arms folded over his chest.<br>The Night Fury rolled his eyes, but otherwise ignored the comment.

>"I could if I had the tools and the material." Hiccup continued patting himself to see what he did have. A small knife, his notebook and not much else. "and it would seem I left my giant smithing hammer at home. Let's go back and get it, oh wait, we can't."<br>"You don't have to be mean about it." The Dragon frowned his ears drooping. "I was just trying to keep you safe from the Dragon Queen."

>"Who?"<br>"The Dragon Queen, she controls us, makes us do her bidding." The Dragon explained in growls. "She's evil, she wanted me to kill you."

>"Why me?" Hiccup sputtered. In all their discussions about the dragons that attacked Berk, the villagers never mentioned any such being.<br>"You are the chief's son." The Night Fury said, "She wanted a body to display as a symbol of her wrath or something like that."

>"Well..." Hiccup looked up a little suspiciously "Are you going to kill me now?"<br>"If I wanted to kill you, you would be dead!" The Dragon snapped. "For whatever reason she can't control me anymore, I can't hear her voice any more, it's been replaced with yours. That makes you my new master."

>"But that doesn't make any sense!" Hiccup exclaimed. "How can you hear my voice all of a sudden, why am I your new master?"<br>"I know about as much as you do right now." A loud growling sound came from the creature's stomach, he looked down at his belly and then back at Hiccup with a hopeful look.

>"Breakfast?" He asked licking his lips.<br>"Oh... uh, I don't have any food. You aren't going to eat me are you."

>"No humans taste gross, I like fish!" The Night Fury bounced excitedly in place like he could hardly keep still.<br>"Wait, so you've TRIED human once!"

>"I just licked him" The Dragon made a disgusted look as if recalling something unpleasant. "I saw other dragons do it, so I was curious. Vikings don't really bathe."<br>"But you like fish? You know what... never mind, I'm not going to question it." Hiccup sighed walking to the other side of the cave, where the sun's morning rays were shining in from outside.

>"Do you have a name?"<br>"I've always been called Night Fury, but if you want, you can give me a name."

>"Hmm..." Hiccup pondered it over carefully. "Blackie?"<br>The Night Fury gave him a dead panned expression that just screamed 'no.'

>"You said I could pick." Hiccup stated.<br>"That doesn't mean I'm not going to have an opinion." Toothless growled baring his teeth.

>Hiccup blinked leaning in a little closer and squinting his eyes to take a look at the Night Fury's mouth. "You have teeth?" Hiccup asked scratching his head as he straightened up. "You didn't before."<br>"They're retractable see?" The Dragon opened his mouth wide retracting and revealing his teeth for Hiccup to see.

>Hiccup watched in fascination before an idea lit up in his eyes. "I'll call you Toothless."<br>"But I have teeth!" The Dragon now

named Toothless whined.

>"It's either that or Blackie." Hiccup said as they neared the exit of the cave, the sound of rushing water roaring in the din of the cave.<br>"...Toothless is a fine name." Toothless frowned. "Do you have a name, human or shall I come up with one for you too?"

>"Just call me Hiccup" The boy smiled holding out a hand the dragon's head. Toothless flinched expecting to be hit, ready to apologize for whatever he did or said wrong. But Hiccup just lightly scratched behind his ears in a way that almost made him purr.<br>"No need to look so scared, if I wanted to kill you, you would have been dead already." Hiccup smiled flexing his noodle arms for emphasis. "I just can't keep this raw, Viking-ness contained."

>Toothless gave a little snort that may have been a laugh and roughly nudged Hiccup's shoulder with his nose.<br>It was ironic how he felt more free than ever, even when he was robbed of flight.

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><p>After leaving the dank cave they found themselves a short way from a large cliff waterfall, the morning sun making it glow bright gold.<br>"A waterfall means a river and a river means-"

>"Fish!" Toothless leapt around Hiccup excitedly running to the water before running back. "Are you gonna build a super fish catching thing?" Toothless asked crouching down like he was a dog wanting to play.<br>Hiccup chuckled slightly shaking his head. "If you mean a fishing pole or a net, I could if I had rope or something."

>"We don't have that?" Toothless asked curiously.<br>"No I left my rope and everything I would need at home." He sighed feeling exasperated at having to repeat himself, "I'm not sure how we're going to catch fish."

>Toothless frowned sitting back on his hind legs while Hiccup paced.<br>Toothless suddenly got an idea and trotted over to the river.

>"What are you-"<br>Toothless narrowed his gaze at the river, zeroing in on a good sized salmon before launching himself into the river and splashing water every which way. Hiccup blinked in surprise as Toothless lifted his claws up hesitantly and huffed at what he saw, or rather, didn't see.

>"I missed..." Toothless mumbled turning to look at Hiccup with a pout.<br>Hiccup covered his mouth with his fingers and turned away trying to contain the laugh that was bubbling up from his chest. What would the village think if they saw the 'deadly' Night Fury acting like a household cat. They probably wouldn't believe it.

>Toothless spotted another fish and crouched down as if a cat about to pounce, another splash. "I missed again Hiccup!" Toothless called out in a snarl. "They're really fast!" and Hiccup couldn't take it anymore.<br>He let out a laugh, probably the most uncharacteristic laugh he had ever made.

>"It's not funny Hiccup! I'm hungry!" Toothless snarled but his sad pouty face made him look much less ferocious.<br>"Ok ok, I'll try to help get out of the water or you'll scare them away!" Hiccup chuckled. As his laughter died down he wiped the corners of his eyes with a sleeve. "Let's walk down stream a bit, maybe we'll find more."

>Toothless perked slightly and followed Hiccup keeping his ears tuned in for any danger.<br>"Everything I've been told about Dragons, it's completely wrong isn't it?" Hiccup asked picking up a large stick as he walked, turning it in his hands, wondering if he could make something with it.

>"Depends, what do they say about me?" Toothless smiled moving up so

his head was level with Hiccup's.<br>"That you are the unholy offspring of Lightning and Death itself and that you are dangerous"

>"Then I wouldn't say they are COMPLETELY wrong" Toothless growled softly in what could have been a pleased purr. "I am dangerous and very scary."<br>Hiccup rolled his eyes "Toothless the Nightfury, eater of fish" He shivered sarcastically "Gives me a little chill just saying it."

>"You were the one to name me." Toothless mumbled a protest.<br>"You didn't have to accept it." Hiccup pointed out tossing the useless stick aside. "I think it suits you more than Nightfury, you aren't scary, you're adorable."

>"You are one to talk, little human Hiccup." Toothless grinned nudging his back and nearly knocking the boy on his face. "You are small and fragile, but also a surprise, like a hiccup."<br>"That's not really why I'm named Hiccup back home." The boy chuckled but it wasn't all that strong as before.

>"Why were you named Hiccup then?" Toothless asked genuinely curious.<br>"..." Hiccup didn't respond his mind racing with mixed emotions, grief, anger, disappointment, love, hatred all twisted together and either aimed at himself or towards others. Toothless wondered if maybe he should pry, but thought better of it.

>Some secrets were best left unshared and this was clearly a sore subject.<br>After about five minutes of following the river bank they arrived at a spot where the river was not only the widest but also dropped down becoming a small waterfall. A vast number of salmon jumped right out of the water attempting to jump the small ledge and continue their journey upstream.

>"I don't think we could get it more perfect than this" Hiccup grinned toeing off his boots and rolling up the legs of his pants "Let's see if we can catch one."<br>The boy stepped carefully along the ledge, taking care not to slip on the loose rocks while Toothless waded in the deeper water pulling himself up on the secure, dry, and well placed rock in the middle of the ledge.

>The dragon crouched waiting for a fish to jump towards him, when one got close he snapped after it, catching it by the tail fin, tossing it back and swallowing it whole, looking way too pleased with himself as he licked his lips.<br>"Good catch Toothless" Hiccup smiled leaning over to catch one himself but instead of landing in his hands the fish over shot and hit him smack in the face knocking Hiccup back into the water with a yelp.

>Toothless let out a little snicker while Hiccup pushed a fringe of wet brown hair out of his face and fixed the dragon with a glare.<br>"You think you're funny do you?" Hiccup said rubbing at his face where the fish hit as he stood up.

>"It was pretty funny" Toothless admitted catching another fish and swallowing it whole.<br>Hiccup tried a few more attempts, missing each time, while Toothless caught about three more. Getting a bit hungry and frustrated, Hiccup gave a slight sigh and gave up. He walked to the shore and laid out in the sun, attempting to get dry. His stomach growled in protest at the lack of food, and Hiccup knew he really should eat something, especially if he was going to figure out how to get home from... wherever it was they were, Hiccup wasn't all too sure himself.

>Toothless watched the boy with some concern and managed to catch one more fish in his mouth before trotting to the shore.<br>"Ate your fill huh?" Hiccup asked sitting up and eyeing the fish in Toothless' mouth. Toothless smiled around the fish in his mouth before dropping it on Hiccup's lap. Hiccup stared at the offering then up at Toothless looking a bit confused.

>"For me? I would think you would want me to starve." Hiccup said taking the wriggling fish in his hands and standing up.<br>"Why would you think that?" Toothless asked.  
>"It must hurt your pride, having to listen to a scrawny Viking like me."<br>"You don't make me do anything I don't want to do and you are funny." Toothless smiled sitting back on his hind legs. "I know Dragons and Vikings aren't supposed to be friends, so lets not be a Dragon and a Viking. Let's just be Toothless and Hiccup."  
>Hiccup blinked a little in surprise but then his face cracked into a grin. To trust a dragon, it went against everything Vikings believed in, but right now they needed each other so there was no harm in a temporary partnership.<br>"I don't see why not." Hiccup said, "Do you think you can light me a fire so I can cook this?"  
>Toothless smiled a matching grin and was about to say something when his ears perked and he got down on all fours into a low crouch, fixing an angry glare at the trees behind Hiccup.<br>"Get behind me." Toothless ordered his eyes narrowing to slits and his teeth bared.

>Hiccup spun around and saw for himself what Toothless saw.<br>A girl, maybe about Hiccup's age, was standing in the shadows of the trees. Little pinpoints of light that broke through the trees, reflected against her bright red curls, otherwise the details of her face were shadowed by the trees. The one thing Hiccup did notice was that in her hand she had a bow, an arrow notched and pulled back, ready to fly the second she let go, and she had the point of the arrow aiming right at Hiccup.  
>Hiccup felt trapped, unable to move an inch as the two stared each other down, a single thought entered his mind at that moment that pretty much summed everything up perfectly.<br>'Dadada we're dead.'

End  
file.